was called, the personal embodiment, as he was popularly regarded, of all the wrongs and sufferings the rebellion had brought upon the country, should go scot free — so scot free — after the soldiers and their folks at home had sung so long to the tune of "John Brown's soul" — "Hang Jeff Davis on a, sour apple tree," seemed monstrous to the popular imagination, and any method of bringing him to condign justice, that looked tolerably decent, appeared therefore acceptable. But when the news came forth that Jefferson Davis and his associates were not only to be tried by a military commission, but that the trial was to be conducted in secret, there was much shaking of heads among men who were not entirely carried away by the excitements of the time. My constant concern as to how the light in which the attitude of this republic would appear before the civilized world— an anxious consideration which was omnipresent to my mind — troubled me so much that I resolved to write to President Johnson. When, after resigning my commission in the army, I passed from North Carolina through Washington, and later at the time of the great triumphal parades of the armies of the Potomac and of the West, I had called upon him to p4ay my respects, he had in a confidential manner discussed with me the events of the day and repeatedly asked me to come again or to let him hear from me by letter. So I wrote from Bethlehem, **Pa.5** on May 13th, 1865:

SIR: — Permit me to avail myself of the privilege you gave me, to write to you whenever I had anything worthy of consideration to suggest. A few days ago I found it stated in the papers that the trial of the conspirators was to be conducted in secret. I did not believe it until I mow see it confirmed. I do not hesitate to say that this measure strikes me as very unfortunate, and I am not surprised to find it quite gen-